

MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES



IT'S MY HUSBAND! HE
SAYS I MUST GO WITH HIM!
BUT LOOK-- THAT GRAVE!

IT CAN'T BE! JIM
WAS REPORTED KILLED
IN KOREA! OH, I CAN'T
GET AWAY!

TALES OF
HORROR

LITTLE COFFIN
THAT GREW



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EACH MAN'S LIFE IS MEASURED, SO THEY SAY. DEATH KNOWS AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT THE HOURS AND DAYS, EVEN THE MINUTES, LEFT OF EACH INDIVIDUAL'S LIFE. AND, UNFORTUNATELY, THERE'S REALLY NOTHING MUCH ONE CAN DO ABOUT IT. AS JOHNNY NORRIS' GHOST ONCE SAID, CHANGING THE OLD ADAGE OF: "IF THE SHOE FITS PUT IT ON," TO--

IF THE COFFIN FITS...GET IN!



YOU'LL BE BACK /
I'VE WAITED THIS LONG,
I CAN WAIT A FEW MORE
MINUTES-- HOURS !



NO / NO / NOT
THE COFFINS /
I'LL RUN AND
HIDE / YOU'LL
NEVER FIND
ME !



THE FUNERAL AT LAST WAS OVER THAT RAIN-CHILLED SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON. JOHNNY AND BILL NORRIS SLOWLY WALKED FROM THE CEMETERY. THE OLDER BROTHER, JOHNNY, WAS TRYING TO COMFORT BILL ---

DON'T TAKE IT SO
HARD, BILL /
EVERYBODY'S TIME
COMES, EVEN
IF HE IS ONE
OF YOUR BEST
FRIENDS !

I KNOW, JOHNNY !
YOU ALWAYS SAY-- "IF
THE COFFIN FITS"--
BUT GOOD OLD
MACFADDEN WAS
ALMOST ANOTHER
BROTHER TO ME.

SNAP OUT OF
IT, BILL. LET'S
NOT DISCUSS
THE FUNERAL
ANYMORE !

LOOK / THERE'S
SOMEONE WALKING
TOWARD TOWN. WE'D
BETTER STOP AND
SEE IF THEY WANT
A LIFT. IT'S GROWN
DARK AND THE RAIN
IS WORSE.



BILL'S SPIRITS SEEMED TO RISE WITH THE PRESENCE OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND MYSTERIOUS GIRL...



DESPITE THE GIRL'S REQUEST, ONCE THEY REACHED TOWN, THAT THEY... "JUST DROP HER OFF ANYWHERE"... THE BROTHERS INSISTED THEY DRIVE HER TO HER HOME...

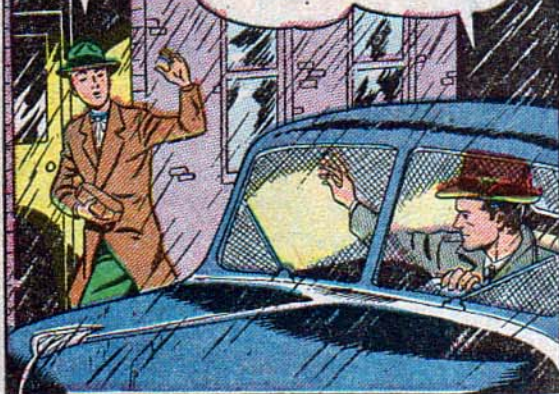




AFTER A BIT THE BROTHERS LEFT THE STRANGE LITTLE CURIO SHOP...AND WHEN THEY DID, THE TWO MINIATURE COFFINS WENT WITH THEM...

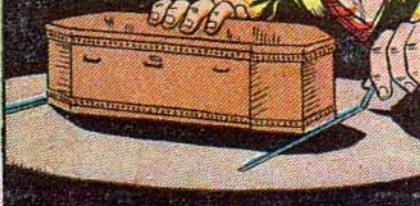
SEE YOU TOMORROW, JOHNNY!

OKAY, AND I STILL WISH YOU'D SWALLOW YOUR SILLY PRIDE AND MOVE IN WITH ME. WHO CARES IF I DO MAKE MORE MONEY THAN YOU?



THE NEXT EVENING, BEFORE JOHNNY WENT TO BED, HE ONCE MORE EXAMINED THE COFFIN BOX...

THIS SHOULD PROVE IT ONE WAY OR THE OTHER! I COULDN'T GET THE BLASTED THING OFF MY MIND ALL DAY! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! BUT NOW, I'LL KNOW IN THE MORNING!



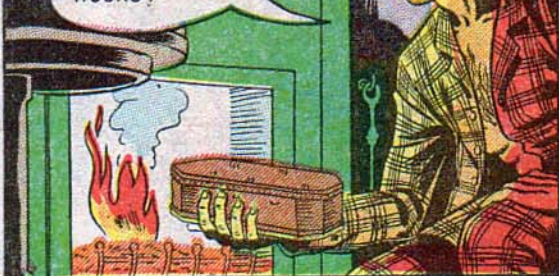
WHY ARE YOU SO COLD? BUT YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL!

SOON WE WILL KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER AND YOU CAN STAY LONGER-- MUCH LONGER!



THAT NIGHT, AFTER JOHNNY HAD RETIRED, HE COULDN'T GET THE ODD LITTLE COFFIN-BOX OUT OF HIS MIND. HE GOT UP AND EXAMINED IT BY THE LIGHT OF THE DYING FIRE...

STRANGE-- THE BOX FEELS LARGER THAN IT DID BACK IN THE CURIO SHOP-- ALMOST AS THOUGH IT HAD GROWN IN THE LAST FEW HOURS!



THE SAME NIGHT JOHNNY SET HIS PLAN INTO OPERATION. HIS YOUNGER BROTHER WAS ALSO BUSY... BILL HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HELEN...

I WAS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND I THOUGHT.....

I KNOW-- BUT YOU'RE MUCH TOO SOON! NOW IS NOT THE TIME! BUT DO COME IN, YOU MAY STAY ONLY A SHORT WHILE THOUGH!



JOHNNY, WHO HAD GONE TO BED RATHER THAN CALL UPON MYSTERIOUS YOUNG LADIES, WAS UP THE NEXT MORNING LONG BEFORE HIS ALARM CLOCK RANG...

NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT STILL--I MUST BELIEVE MY EYES!



NO, I HAVEN'T NOTICED MY COFFIN-BOX ONE WAY OR THE OTHER... BUT WHAT YOU SAY IS RIDICULOUS!

JUST THE SAME, BILL, MY COFFIN-BOX DID GROW IN LENGTH-- A GOOD FOUR INCHES LAST NIGHT! GO LOOK AT YOURS! I'LL WAIT!

O.K., SO THEY ARE GROWING BIGGER! IT'S SOME KIND OF A SILLY TRICK! PUT YOURS DOWN IN THE TRUNK ROOM AND FORGET IT IF IT BOTHERS YOU SO MUCH!

JOHNNY TOOK HIS BROTHER'S ADVICE AND SEVERAL WEEKS PASSED. THEN, ONE DAY, JOHNNY HAD TO GO DOWN TO THE TRUNK ROOM. HE COULDN'T GET HIS MIND OFF THE COFFIN-BOX CURIO THAT HE KNEW WAS GROWING DOWN THERE IN THE DAMP DARKNESS...

CAREFUL, JOHN, WHAT YOU HAVE HIDDEN MIGHT BEST BE KEPT THAT WAY!

OH, IT'S YOU MIKE! STILL LIVING HERE, EH?

THIS IS A SPOOKY PLACE, MIKE! BUT I MUST LOOK IN THERE! I MUST FIND OUT...

IT DID GROW! UNBELIEVABLE! LOOK-- WHAT'S THAT-- A SILVER NAMEPLATE...

NO! NO! TODAY'S OCTOBER 3RD!

JOHN NORRIS
BORN: MAY 16, 1925
DIED: OCT 3, 1950

BILL! BILL! I GOTTA GET BILL! WE GOTTA RUN-- GET AWAY!

SNAP OUT OF IT, GUY! I'LL GO AWAY WITH YOU SOMEPLACE! I CAN USE A VACATION, ANYWAY! I HAVE A DATE WITH HELEN... BUT I'LL GO WITH YOU!

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT YOURS? HAVE YOU?



HEY! WHOA-- SLOW DOWN-- NO, I HAVEN'T! I PUT IT DOWN IN THE BASEMENT, BUT I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT!

WE'VE GOT TO RUN! SOMETHING HORRIBLE IS GOING TO HAPPEN!



AS THE MILES SPED BY, THE FEAR THAT POSSESSED JOHNNY SLOWLY INFECTED HIS YOUNGER BROTHER! THEY DROVE ON AND ON, HIGHER AND HIGHER INTO THE WILD MOUNTAINOUS AREA...



WE'RE LOST! WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME DRIVE?

IN THE STATE YOU WERE IN, I KNOW YOU COULD NOT HAVE DONE ANY BETTER! BESIDES, IF WE'RE LOST, ISN'T THAT GOOD?



REALIZING THAT HIS BROTHER MUST BE IN A STATE OF SHOCK AND HYSTERIA, BILL DECIDED TO PRETEND TO AGREE WITH HIM...

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. ANY IDEA WHERE WE OUGHT TO GO?

I DON'T CARE! JUST SO IT'S FAR AWAY FROM HERE-- AWAY FROM THAT ACCURSED COFFIN WITH MY NAME ON IT!



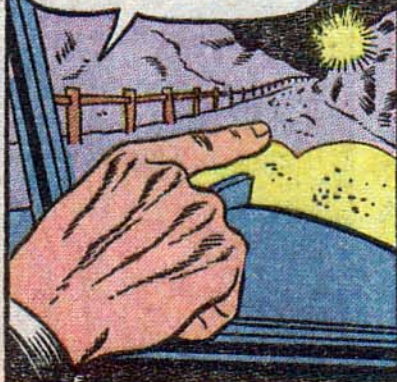
BILL PULLED UP AT THE FOOT OF A ROTTING WOODEN STAIRCASE THAT LED UP THE MOUNTAINSIDE TO THE DERELICT HOUSE OF THE SHINING LIGHT... JOHNNY WENT TO THE DOOR ALONE -- AND, SAW... HELEN!

GOOD EVENING! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU WERE GETTING HERE! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU FOR OVER AN HOUR!

WHA-- WHAT? YOU WERE EXPECTING US? I DON'T BELIEVE YOU! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?



YOU'RE NOT MAKING SENSE! THERE'S A LIGHT! DRIVE UP THE ROAD A BIT, AND I'LL GO IN AND FIND OUT WHERE WE ARE!



THE COFFINS / NO / NO / I'LL
RUN / WE'LL HIDE / THEY'LL
NEVER GET US /

SOOOO ? I'VE WAITED
THIS LONG-- I CAN
WAIT A FEW MORE
MINUTES-- EVEN HOURS /



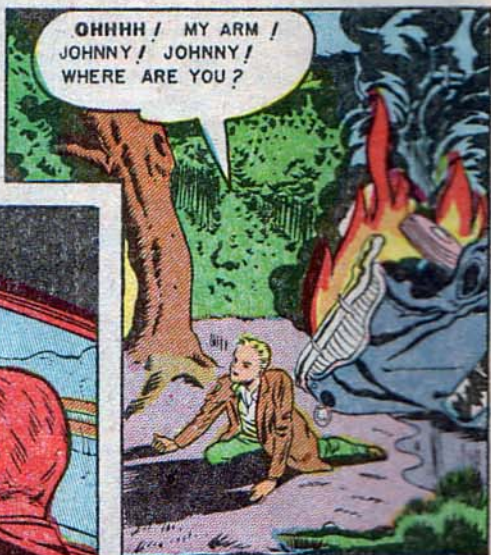
JOHNNY RACED BACK TO THE SAFETY OF HIS
BROTHER AND THE CAR. HE RAN AS ONE IN A
NIGHTMARE, LIKE A MAN RUNNING KNEE-DEEP
IN THICK SYRUP.

HEY! WHAT'S GOING
ON? WHAT
HAPPENED?

GET OVER / GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE!
NO TIME TO TALK...
NO TIME TO...



OHhhh! MY ARM!
JOHNNY! JOHNNY!
WHERE ARE YOU?



JOHNNY, TURNING
THE CAR AROUND
ON THE NARROW
ROAD AND DRIVING
LIKE A MAD-
MAN, STARTED A
SUICIDAL DASH
DOWN OUT OF
THE MOUNTAINS
AND CRACKED
UP THE CAR!

JOHNNY! LOOK OUT!

EEEEEEEEEE!



THOUGH BADLY INJURED HIMSELF, BILL RETURNED TO THE
BURNING WRECK ONLY TO FIND HIS BROTHER DEAD,
CRUSHED ALMOST BEYOND RECOGNITION.

HELP, GOTTA GET
HELP. THAT
HOUSE-- I'LL GO
BACK TO THE
HOUSE!

OoHhhHhHh!



THE NEXT
TWENTY
MINUTES WERE
AN ETERNITY
COMPOSED OF
PAIN AND THE
SLOW DREAD-
FUL PROGRESS
BACK TO THE
HOUSE AND
IT'S LONE
LIGHT THAT
BECKONED
BILL ON.



GASP--DON'T KNOW IF I--GASP--
CAN MAKE IT. OR NOT--GASP--
HELP / HELP /



AND THEN OUT OF THE DARKNESS LIKE A GUIDING SPIRIT OF HOPE--

WE HAD A DATE, DEAR. COME, LET ME HELP YOU BACK TO THE HOUSE /

YOU, HELEN / HOW DID YOU GET HERE?



AS THOUGH HER WORDS WERE A COMMAND HE MUST OBEY, BILL LOOKED AND THE SIGHT HE SAW STARTLED HIM WITH DEEPEST TERROR, FOR JOHNNY, THE BROTHER HE'D LEFT SMASHED AND BURNING IN A WRECK UPON A CLIFF-SIDE, NOW LAY SMILING IN DEATH UP AT HIM.



BEFORE SHE COULD ANSWER, SUCH WAS THE GROWING FEAR WITHIN BILL, THAT HE TURNED AND TRIED TO FLEE.



UUUNNGH /

DON'T GO, PLEASE DON'T. ONCE I TOLD YOU THAT SOON WE COULD BE TOGETHER-- WELL, NOW IS THAT TIME--NOW!

THE COFFINS / SO THAT'S WHAT SCARED POOR JOHNNY SO-- SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?

LOOK--LOOK CLOSELY AT THE COFFINS!



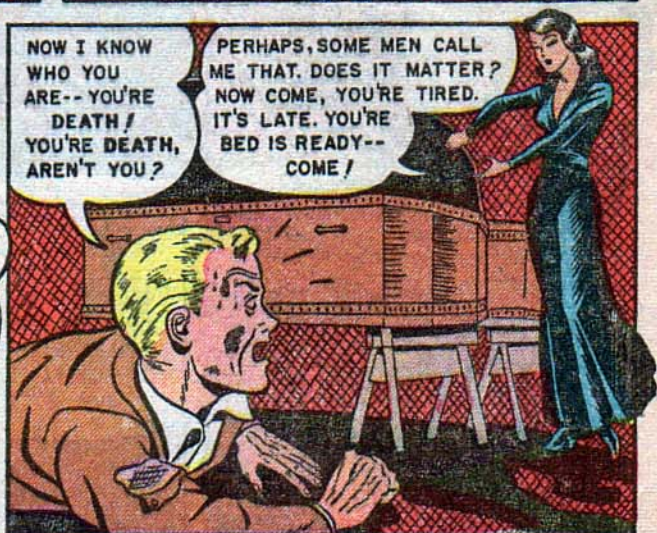
HE ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE IT / WE HAD AN APPOINTMENT, AND HE TRIED TO CHEAT ME, BUT I WON AFTER ALL /

WHO--WHO ARE YOU? HELEN, WHAT ARE YOU?



NOW I KNOW WHO YOU ARE-- YOU'RE DEATH! YOU'RE DEATH, AREN'T YOU?

PERHAPS, SOME MEN CALL ME THAT. DOES IT MATTER? NOW COME, YOU'RE TIRED. IT'S LATE. YOU'RE BED IS READY-- COME!



YES, THAT NIGHT BILL JOINED HIS BROTHER---SO, TO-NIGHT, SOMEWHERE, A TALL THIN CADAVEROUS MAN AND A BEAUTIFUL DARK GIRL ARE AT WORK. THERE COMES A SOUND OF A SAW ON WOOD, THE SCREECH OF AN ENGRAVING TOOL ON METAL. THESE TWO ARE CAREFUL CRAFTSMEN--FOR ALWAYS, ALWAYS THEIR COFFINS WILL FIT!

THE END

THE HORROR of VAN MORTY!



JOHN HARVIN BELIEVED IN GHOSTS AND WITCHES. HE FEARED THE CREEPING SNEAKING SOUNDS OF THE QUIET NIGHT. HIS IDEAS ON THE WORLDS BEYOND THE GRAVE, MADE HIM THE BUTT OF THE JOKES OF HIS GAY FRIENDS WHO LAUGHED AT HIS TALES OF VOOODOO AND WITCHES. BUT AS YOU WILL SEE, DEAR READER, THEY DIDN'T LAUGH LAST...
HEE. HEE...

AHH! IS THAT BED GOING TO FEEL GOOD! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A DECENT NIGHT'S REST IN MONTHS WITH THOSE FRIENDS OF MINE BARGING IN AT ALL HOURS WITH THEIR WILD PARTIES AND TRICKS... OH, OH... WHAT'S THAT?

OH, NO! HIYA, JOHN! HOW'S THE BOY?

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOIN' TO BED SO EARLY? REALLY NOW, JOHN! AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF GHOSTS WHEN YOU'RE ALONE AT NIGHT... HA, HA...



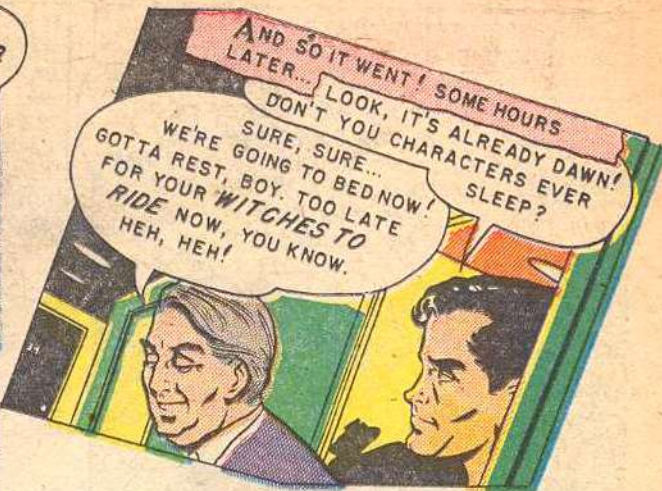
HAVE A DRINK, OLD BOY! IT'S A ZOMBIE!
HA, HA!

WHAT'S TO EAT, BESIDES OLD WITCHES?
HA! HA! HA!

JOHN, YOU OLD GHOUL, COME DANCE WITH ME.



HOLLINGSWORTH



AND SO IT WENT! SOME HOURS LATER...
LOOK, IT'S ALREADY DAWN! DON'T YOU CHARACTERS EVER SLEEP?

SURE, SURE... WE'RE GOING TO BED NOW! GOTTA REST, BOY. TOO LATE FOR YOUR WITCHES TO RIDE NOW, YOU KNOW. HEH, HEH!



WELL, G'BYE NOW...
THEY SURE ARE LAUGHING AT ME ABOUT GHOSTS EVER SINCE I MADE THAT STATEMENT A FEW WEEKS AGO ABOUT THERE BEING SHADES OF YESTERDAY, WHICH COME BACK TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING.

WELL, TONIGHT WAS THE LAST STRAW! I'M GOING TO PROVE TO MYSELF AND TO THE WORLD THAT THERE ARE SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS! I'M GOING TO RENT THAT OLD HOUSE THAT REAL ESTATE AGENT IN HAVERSHAM TOLD SUCH WEIRD TALES ABOUT!



SO THIS IS HAVERSHAM! A REAL SETTING FOR A WITCHES ABODE, IF I EVER SAW IT!

TAXI, MISTER?



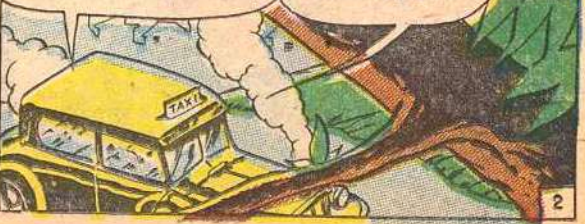
AND SO IT CAME ABOUT THAT JOHN HARVIN CAME TO HAVERSHAM AND...
TAKE ME TO THE VAN MORT HOUSE!

V-V-VAN M-MORT HOUSE?



THAT'S WHAT I SAID. THE VAN MORT PLACE! I JUST LEASED IT FOR TWO MONTHS! IS ANYTHING THE MATTER?

TH...THE MATTER? I'LL SAY, MISTER! THAT PLACE YOU JUST RENTED... IS HAUNTED!



JOHN SCOFFED PURPOSELY AT THE CAB DRIVER'S SUPERSTITIONS SO AS TO GET THE STORY...

HAUNTED?
HA! HA!

YOU LAUGH BECAUSE YOU DON'T
KNOW THE HISTORY OF OLD
VAN MORT AND HIS CANE!
YES, IF YOU'RE WISE YOU'LL TURN
AROUND AND NEVER SET
FOOT IN THE OLD HOUSE
OF VAN MORT!



IT ALL STARTED
WAY BACK IN THE
DAYS WHEN THIS
WAS STILL BRIT-
ISH COLONY
LAND...THE RIC-
HEST MAN IN THE
COLONY WAS OLD
VAN MORT AND
ALSO THE
UGLIEST!



SQUIRE VAN MORT, YOU MAKE
A DASHING FIGURE STANDING
THERE HOLDING YOUR CANE.
YOU INSPIRE ME TO GREAT
HEIGHTS.

ENOUGH OF
YOUR
FLATTERY!



AH, MY DEAR HUSBAND! AT LAST YOU
ARE HAVING YOUR PORTRAIT PAINTED.
AND WITH THE CANE I GAVE TO YOU
ON OUR HONEYMOON!

JANE! YOU
STARTLED ME!...YES, I
FINALLY AGREED TO HAVE MY
PORTRAIT DONE. IT TOOK
TIME TO GET THE COURAGE
TO HAVE THIS UGLY FACE
OF MINE SET DOWN ON
CANVAS!



YOU MUSTN'T SPEAK SO, MY HUSBAND. TO ME YOU
EXCUSE ME. THE PORTRAIT
IS QUITE FINISHED. I SHALL
RETURN TOMORROW FOR A
FINISHING TOUCH. I AM
VERY PLEASED! THIS
IS MY MASTER-
PIECE!

ARE NOT UGLY. I
LOVE YOU.



I SHALL SHOW YOU TO THE DOOR, MR.
COPELAND.
THANK YOU, MADAM.
I MUST DO YOUR
PORTRAIT SOME-
DAY, ALSO.



AH...H...H! I AM INDEED A LUCKY MAN.
ALL MY RICHES WOULD BE WORTH-
LESS TO ME WITHOUT MY WIFE.
THE WORLD CALLS ME UGLY. ONLY
SHE SEES BEAUTY
IN ME.



BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

BUT WHERE IS SHE NOW? I DID NOT HEAR THE DOOR CLOSE FOR THE YOUNG PAINTER TO LEAVE. I WONDER IF SOMETHING IS AMISS?

I'LL GO A...
OH!

DARLING! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO RID YOURSELF OF THAT UGLY MONKEY?

SO! UGLY MONKEY, AM I? OH, WISH I WOULD DIE, EH? TO THINK A FOOL I'VE BEEN TO THINK A GIRL LIKE YOU COULD LOVE ME! I'M GOING TO BEAT YOU BOTH WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIVES!

WHA... YOU HEARD?

YOU'LL BEAT NO ONE, YOU HIDEOUS MONSTER! THE ONE TO BE BEATEN WILL BE YOU! GIVE ME THAT CANE!

THERE! LEAVE THE UGLY THING. LET HIM ROT WITH HIS UGLINESS AND HIS MONEY, GEORGE. LET US FLEE THIS HOUSE!

OLD VAN MORT SOON DIED OF A BROKEN HEART. HIS LAST REQUEST WAS A STRANGE ONE. HE WISHED TO BE BURIED WITH THE CANE GIVEN TO HIM BY HIS UNFAITHFUL WIFE... THE WOMAN HE HATED!

SO THAT'S THE SUPERSTITION ABOUT THIS PLACE, EH?

IT AIN'T

NO FAIRY TALE, EITHER, MISTER. VAN MORT'S WIFE AND THE PAINTER WERE **FOUND DEAD** SOON AFTER VAN MORT WAS BURIED... APPARENTLY BEATEN TO DEATH...



THAT AIN'T ALL. OTHER PEOPLE WHO LIVED HERE AND CALLED VAN MORT UGLY, SOON MET WITH A STRANGE DEATH! **DON'T GO IN! GO BACK!** OR VAN MORT'S GHOST WILL GET YOU!



WHAT A STORY THAT CABBY TOLD! THIS IS THE PERFECT PLACE TO PROVE MY THEORIES!... EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS HOUSE GIVES ME THE CREEPS... AS IF OLD VAN MORT'S GHOST WAS LOOKING AT ME NOW!



SOME DAYS LATER...

THE OLD BOY HASN'T HARMED ME YET. BUT I'M NOT CALLING HIM ANY NAMES. I DON'T WANT HIM ANGRY WHEN HE **DOES REAPPEAR!** **WHAT...THE DOOR?**



YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? LOOK,

JOHNNY BOY! IT'S ME, LOIS...AND BILL AND MYRNA! AREN'T YOU GLAD WE CAME? WE THOUGHT WE WOULD HELP YOU LOOK FOR A GHOST...HEH, HEH!



NO! I'M TIRED OF YOU, POKING FUN AT MY BELIEFS! GO HOME! I'M HERE TO SEE FOR MYSELF IF STORIES OF THINGS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE ARE TRUE!



I HAVE AN IDEA. YOU KNOW THAT LEGEND ABOUT A GHOST WITH A CANE WE HEARD IN TOWN ABOUT THIS PLACE? WELL, LET'S PLAY A TRICK ON JOHN!

GOOD!...WE'LL SCARE HIM SILLY!



AND SO, THAT NIGHT, THE THREE CAME BACK TO THE OLD HOUSE AND... LET'S HIDE IN THIS CORNER. JOHN WON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!

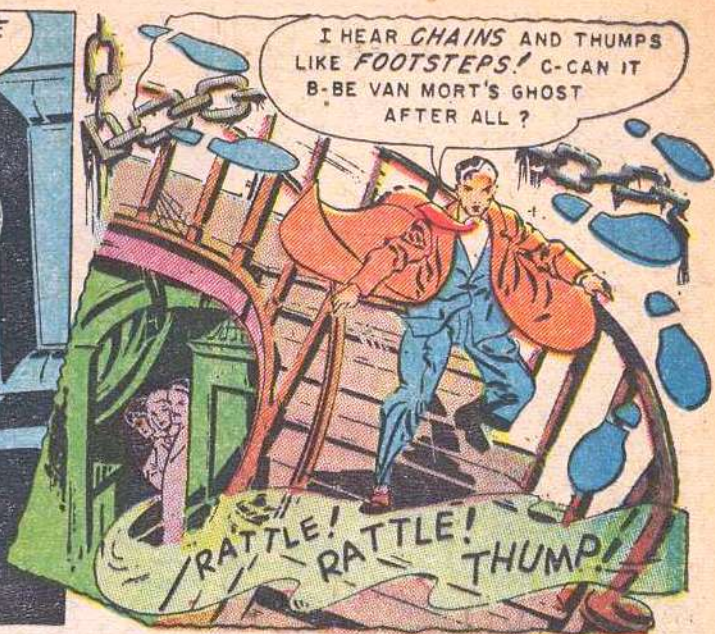
HA, HA, HA, HA!



THESE RATTLING CHAINS AND THUMPING NOISES WILL SET HIM UP. OKAY, LOIS, SCREAM AND MAKE IT SOUND SCARY!

EEEEEE!







TERROR OF THE GHOSTLY STALLION

IT was raining the day of the funeral. Amy stood at the edge of the grave watching them lower Cal in the coffin—her bridegroom of one night. Suddenly she uttered a piercing scream, made a leap forward and tried to jump into the open grave. She struggled with the hands that pulled her back. "Let me go, let me go," she cried. "I don't want to live without him. Let me join him."

Suddenly a low whinnying sound broke through the misty air. Amy stopped her struggles. As the earth fell upon Cal's coffin, she thought she saw through the trees a black horse running away—his head with its long flowing mane was turned toward her, his brilliant eyes fastened on hers. Her resistance ebbed and as they led her back toward home, she whispered, "Cal, please come back."

The bride of one night was delirious for a week, her dreams going back to the horrible events before the funeral. The spectre of her tall, gaunt guardian, old Ben, was constantly there, threatening her if she dared to run away and marry Cal Lessing. The wonderful night of her elopement came back to her, the brief, tender happiness in the arms of her new husband—where she thought she'd be safe forever—and nevermore lonely and miserable. Then again in her dreams she heard the loud clap of thunder, almost bursting within the room, and it all came back to her: how she started up from her sleep and saw in the jagged lightning, a tall, gaunt figure.

Still dreaming of her one night, she recalled how she screamed and turned to clutch Cal; how, groping in the semi-dark, her fingers reached toward his face and touched something sticky on his temple. But Cal lay strangely still. Then everything had gone black and she had fallen into unconsciousness.

Now, weak and wan, but able to come downstairs, she found Old Ben waiting for her. He stood over her as she sat in the deep chair. "It war Fate," he said grimly. "You defied your own Guardian—who bro't you up from a wee one. You knew I war agin that thar Cal—or any of the Lessing kin. It war God's hand that struck him down." And he strode from the room.

That night, after dinner, Amy sat on the back porch, rocking, rocking. What was that sound? She

creaked to a stop, listening. It was like a whinny! As her eyes stared into the night trying to penetrate the darkness, her fingers gripping tightly the arms of the rocker, she made out in the dim moonlight the huge outlines of a horse. Again the whinnying sound—soft, inviting!

As though drawn by some magnetic pull, Amy slowly advanced down the path toward the strange horse, standing like a caller at her gate. No, it couldn't be—but—yes—she recognized the horse she had seen near Cal's grave. Just as she reached his side she heard Old Ben's voice from the porch calling—"Amy, what are you doing there? Who is that with you?" And the same moment this handsome stallion bent his forelegs, tossed his mane and pulled gently with his teeth on Amy's dress. She understood and leaped to his back. Away he ran into the night, as Amy heard her guardian's clumping footsteps hurrying down the path.

It was late when Amy came back through her gate. There on the porch, asleep in the rocker, was Old Ben. She moved softly past him and went to her room, undressed and got into bed. The moon shone through the window and she left the blind raised. A smile was on her lips and her eyes were bright. The door opened and Old Ben came in. "Amy!" he called. "Yes, Uncle Ben," she answered. "When did you come in? Where have you been?" his voice was angry.

Amy waited a while before answering. Then, "I wanted to get out for a while? What do you want?"

"Why should you want to go out at night—alone? You're to stay at home, d'y' hear?" Amy could tell that her guardian was blustering as though he suddenly realized he couldn't cope with her any longer.

The next two nights it rained, but the third night, Amy again heard that strange, soft whinny at the gate. In the bright moonlight the black stallion was clearly visible. Her heart leaping, Amy quickly brushed her golden hair and flew down the path. She turned to look back and saw her guardian's face at the window. Old Ben could see her throw her arms about the horse's neck, as though he were her lover and jump on his back as he knelt to assist

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GANG!

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AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A MONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 3/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings!

... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

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Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

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her. With a ringing laugh she waved to him and off the two of them went.

Old Ben suddenly shivered. A thought had struck him which made his blood run cold: Amy was acting as though she were going to a tryst and that horse—acted sort of human! The way he bent down to let her jump on his back more easily—and his coming to the gate for her! And the way Amy flushed and grew excited! It was queer, queer! Just as he had taken care of Cal and disposed of him so cleverly, so he'd find a way to put an end to whatever was going on. And so soon after she lost Cal? Well, just like a woman! But he'd find who this new fella was—he'd track 'em down.

Repeatedly, the same thing happened. Several times Old Ben was on their trail only to lose it. During the days, Amy never spoke to him. A quiet, secret smile on her face taunted him. Once when he shouted: "Whose horse is that? What man are you meeting now—An' your husband not yet cold in his grave? Yur a shameless hussy and I should throw you out'r this house!"—Amy only looked at him and smiled, strangely. It frightened him. She acted so queer. Yet she did her work—just the same as ever. He'd be lost without her. "If she warn't so purty maybe she could've stayed content in his house, stead of gallivantin' off first with Cal and now with some new 'un—whoever he could be. Yeah—some boy allus turnin' her head." These thoughts kept running through Old Ben's mind.

The next moonlight night, Old Ben saw the beautiful horse aagin. He stealthily locked Amy in her room as she was hurrying to dress. As he started down the path he could hear her banging on the door. There was the horse. His plan was to mount it in Amy's stead and see where the beast took her. He touched the dagger in his belt; he was ready for the feller that was meetin' his Amy these nights. When he reached the stallion, the animal reared up to his full height and bared his huge white teeth—but Old Ben had handled horses all his life and thought he had managed to quiet him. In fact, the horse suddenly became gentle and let Old Ben mount him. As he did so, clinging to the thick mane

(for the animal had no saddle), the horse's head was turned full around on his long neck and Old Ben found him looking straight into his eyes. As once before, he shivered. Those eyes! They were like—like—Cal's! Then the horse ran. Ben yelled. He tried to get the horse to stop, but it was galloping at a terrific speed weaving daringly through the trees. Old Ben's eyes were wide with fright as they approached the cliff, with its stone-faced drop to the rocks below. At the edge, the horse stopped abruptly and bending his long neck, threw the half-paralyzed man to the ground.

"What—who—are-you?" Old Ben quavered. The horse bent his head low and Ben saw a bullet-hole in his brow. "Th—that's where I shot Cal—" Ben said, horrified.

There was a muffled sound of galloping and with relief he saw Amy riding toward them on his mare Betsy. Old Ben, lying weakly on the ground called to her. But Amy rushed over to the Stallion and threw her arms about his neck. Amy tried to stop him, but the animal kicked and trampled Ben—crushing his skull.

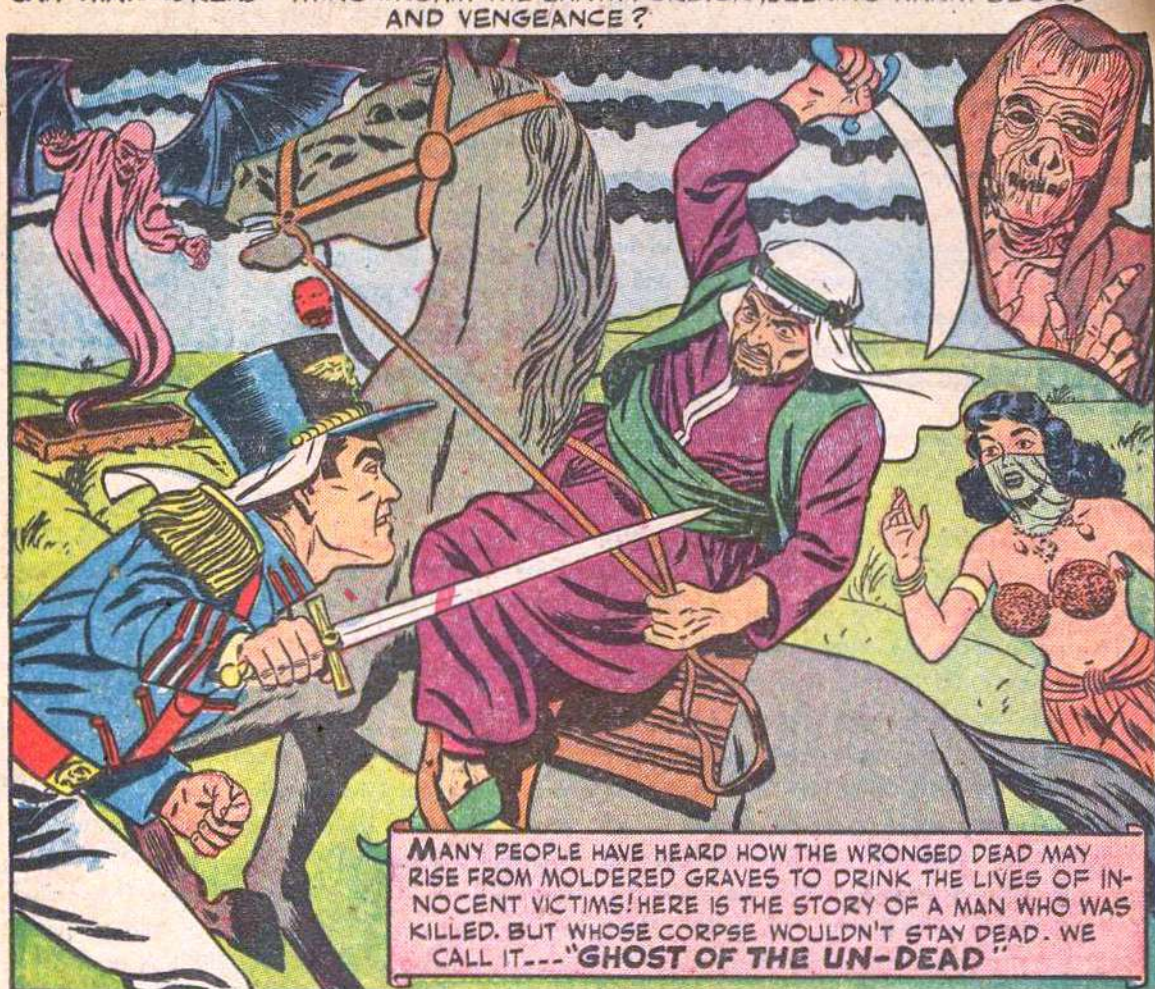
Hank and Joe Ware heard the snorting of an angry horse and its trampling hooves. They galloped toward the sounds—and stood aghast as they watched a horse and rider race toward the cliff to certain death. It was a rider they knew. They called to her, "Amy, come back. But she paid no heed. As they ran to the edge of the cliff and peered far below them, they were astounded, unbelieving. The horse and its rider had disappeared. Instead they saw Amy and a man who looked like Cal, hand in hand, laughingly walk into the waves below until they were engulfed by the ocean that pounded the tall cliff. The two men gasped—then looked at the body of Old Ben. It couldn't be, but yes, there were the imprints of horses hooves over the entire corpse of Old Ben!

The End.

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GHOST OF THE UN-DEAD

WHAT HORRIBLY-FANGED AND SOULLESS BEAST LIVES IN A COFFIN WITH A DEAD BODY? CAN THAT---DREAD "THING"..ROOM THE EARTH FOREVER,SEEKING WARM BLOOD AND VENGEANCE?



MANY PEOPLE HAVE HEARD HOW THE WRONGED DEAD MAY RISE FROM MOLDERED GRAVES TO DRINK THE LIVES OF INNOCENT VICTIMS! HERE IS THE STORY OF A MAN WHO WAS KILLED. BUT WHOSE CORPSE WOULDN'T STAY DEAD. WE CALL IT---"GHOST OF THE UN-DEAD"

IN A CEMETERY IN TRIPOLI, AS A GRAVE-DIGGER TOILS TO UNCOVER THE CORPSE OF AN AMERICAN MARINE KILLED IN 1943.. TWO U.S. GRAVES COMMISSIONERS STAND BY..

GRAVE NO. 1578. THIS IS IT...SGT. JAMES J. ALLEN.

ALLEN? NO...NO..DO NOT MAKE ME DIG UP THE BODY OF AN---ALLEN!



FRIGHTENED, THE GRAVE-DIGGER TRIES TO FLEE..

WAIT! WHY ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE NAME--ALLEN?

THE MOSLEM BLOOD-CURSE IS ON ALL ALLENS. ALWAYS THEY DIE, HERE IN TRIPOLI... ALWAYS WITH BLOOD DRAINED FROM THROAT---



THE TREMBLING GRAVE-DIGGER RECOUNTS AN OLD LEGEND THAT BEGAN IN 1815... WHEN AMERICAN MARINES FIRST LANDED IN TRIPOLI TO BATTLE COASTAL PIRATES..

LONG AGO...YOUR BRAVE SOLDIERS CAME IN SAILING-SHIPS AND LANDED ON OUR SHORES.WITH THEM CAME YOUNG LIEUT.JAMES ALLEN ---



HE LED A DARING RAID INTO THAT PIRATE-INFESTED CITY OF 1815 --- AND THERE, UNDER THE VEILED EYES OF A NATIVE BEAUTY---



MARINES! CHARGE! THE ENEMY IS IN RETREAT!



YOU'VE LOOTED YOUR LAST U.S. SHIP!

LIEUT. ALLEN WAVED AT THE MAID. --AND A ROSE WAS HIS REWARD--



SHE'S A FAIRY-TALE PRINCESS! ROUND UP THESE PIRATES, TO LIFE! I MUST SEE HER TONIGHT! MEN!

SO, JAMES ALLEN FOUGHT BY DAY...AND WON THE MAID BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

JIM.I SHOULD NOT SAY I LOVE..YET I DO! BUT MY FATHER WILL KILL US---

BUT I WANT YOU FOR MY WIFE! HE MUST CONSENT TO OUR MARRIAGE!



MY FATHER! NOW WE BOTH SHALL DIE!

YOU WHITE CUR! THIS NIGHT I TOSS YOUR HEART TO MY DOGS!





AS THE MOSLEM CHIEFTAIN DIED, HE DIPPED HIS HAND IN HIS DEATH-WOUND AND SHOUTED A MOSLEM CURSE THAT CHILLED HIS DAUGHTER'S HEART!



THAT VERY NIGHT LIEUT. ALLEN AND THE GIRL WERE WED...THE NEXT DAY THEY SAILED BACK TO AMERICA...NEVER TO RETURN TO TRIPOLI AGAIN...



YES! MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER HELPED BURY THE GREAT MOSLEM CHIEF - TAIN'S BODY IN A STONE COFFIN... EVER SINCE, ALL MY FAMILY AND TRIBE HAVE FEARED THE NAME OF ALLEN.



THEN IN 1950...ANOTHER JAMES ALLEN CAME TO TRIPOLI.IT WAS MY GRANDFATHER WHO CARRIED HIS BAGS FROM THE SHIP...



HOPE YOU FIND THAT LEAD MINE YOU'RE PROSPECTING FOR, MR. ALLEN.

ALLEN? THE CURSE-NAME? MAY ALLAH GUARD US!

BUT THAT NIGHT "SOMETHING" VISITED JAMES ALLEN WHILE HE SLEPT...

I CAN'T WAKE UP... I MUST BE DREAMING SOMETHING BIT ME
---OOOHHH---



ARE YOU THE SON OF A MOSLEM BRIDE? THIS AND OF LIEUT. ALLEN? THEN BEWARE SUPERSTITIOUS OF THIS LAND..DO NOT STAY,I BEG YOU!



PORTER WANTS A BIG TIP,I GUESS!

THE PORTER WOULD TAKE NO MONEY FROM THIS JAMES ALLEN. HE TRIED AGAIN TO WARN HIM-- BUT ALLEN ONLY SCOFFED...

DO NOT SLEEP HERE EVEN ONE NIGHT! HA!HA! THAT OLD STORY. MY FATHER ONCE WARNED ME THAT YOU FELLOWS WOULD TRY TO SCARE ME..I'M A MINING ENGINEER---NOT A GHOST BELIEVER!



THE NEXT MORNING... QUIET! WE NATIVES KNOW! DEAD..AND DRAINED! BURY HIM AND FORGET YOU OF BLOOD!THOSE EVER SAW HIS THROAT! MY MARKS ON HIS THROAT.. REPORT WILL SAY HEART FAILURE--- MARKS OF--



AND IN 1900,SUSANNA ALLEN CAME TO VISIT TRIPOLI AS PART OF A WORLD CRUISE...



DORIS, THERE'S SOME FAMILY STORY ABOUT A CURSE HERE,ROMANTIC, ISN'T IT? MY GREAT GRANDPA YOU KNOW,CARRIED OFF A MOSLEM GIRL FOR HIS BRIDE...

AND THE NEXT MORNING ,PRETTY SUSANNA ALLEN....

SHE FELL FROM HER WINDOW?SLEEP WALKING, THEY SAY, POOR DEAR! MORE LIKELY FRIGHTENED. BUT SEE THE MARKS ON HER THROAT..DID YOU SAY HER NAME WAS ALLEN?



THEN, IN 1943, DURING WORLD WAR II, ANOTHER DETACHMENT OF U.S. MARINES LANDED ON A BEACH NEAR THE SEAPORT OF TRIPOLI...AND AGAIN A LIEUT. JAMES J. ALLEN JR. COMMANDED AN ASSAULT BARGE....

O.K. BOYS--LET'S GO!



SAY JIM, WHAT ABOUT THAT BLOOD-CURSE LEGEND YOU WERE TELLING ME?

OH, JUST SPOOK STORIES AND FAMILY GOSSIP, I GUESS.

BUT TWO ALLENS HAVE DIED HERE ON VISITS---



THAT NIGHT, STILL UNDER ENEMY FIRE, A FELLOW MARINE FIRED HIS RIFLE OVER LIEUT. ALLENS HEAD....

SIR..I THOUGHT I SAW A HUGE BLACK BIRD-SHAPE HOVERING OVER YOU! I SHOT AT IT...

FORGET IT, MARINE. WE'RE ALL TRIGGER-NERVOUS. I'M DIGGING IN FOR THE NIGHT!



WHAT A STRANGE NIGHTMARE. THAT SOMETHING IS TRYING TO BITE ME! GUESS A SHARP STONE SCRATCHED ME...EEEE OOOHHH!



A NATIVE BURIAL SQUAD QUICKLY INTERRED THE MORTAL REMAINS OF LIEUT. JAMES J. ALLEN....

IN THE MORNING THIS ALLEN'S BODY WAS ALSO PALE AND DEAD!

..BUT IF HE BLED TO DEATH, THEN WHERE'S THE BLOOD? THERE JUST ISN'T ANY!

AND THAT WOUND IN HIS THROAT. SHRAPNEL? IT LOOKS MORE LIKE...



THAT "BLOOD CURSE" JIM TOLD ME ABOUT ---STRANGE---I'LL REPORT THIS TO HIS UNCLE--

DID YOU SEE THE THROAT, AHMED? BUT, BE QUIET--THESE FOREIGNERS CARE NOT FOR OUR DEVIL TALES OF THE GRAVE--



AND SO THE GRAVE DIGGER ENDED HIS WEIRD STORY----

THAT WAS EIGHT YEARS AGO. I ONCE BURIED THIS MAN---THIS ALLEN. MAY ALLAH PROTECT HIS FAMILY---AND MINE.

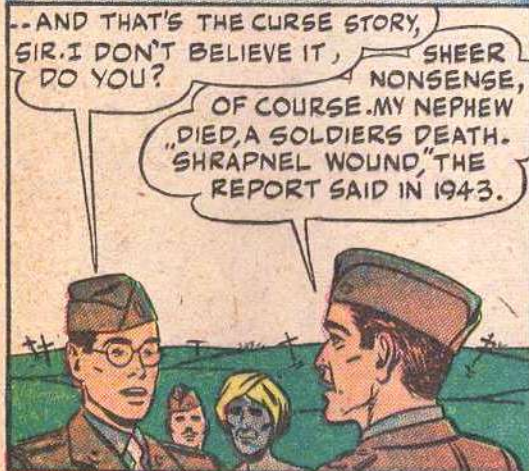
STRANGE TALE. BUT HERE COMES MAJOR ALLEN NOW. HE PHONED ME TO LOCATE THIS GRAVE IF I COULD.



QUICKLY, THE TWO GRAVES COMMISSIONERS TELL ALL THEY'VE HEARD TO MAJOR JOHN JAMES ALLEN, THEIR SUPERIOR OFFICER IN GRAVES LOCATION WORK----

--AND THAT'S THE CURSE STORY, SIR. I DON'T BELIEVE IT, DO YOU?

SHEER NONSENSE, OF COURSE. MY NEPHEW "DIED A SOLDIER'S DEATH. SHRAPNEL WOUND," THE REPORT SAID IN 1943.



SILENCE, MAN--AND SHOW RESPECT. THESE BONES WERE ONCE MY NEPHEW'S BODY.

I AM SILENT--AND DEATH MAY MAKE YOU SILENT, YOU UNBELIEVER---



NO, NO! NOT...ANOTHER HELLO, ROGER, I ALLEN! THEN HE IS JUST FLEW IN FROM CURSED, TOO! ITALY. HAVE YOU LOCATED MY NEPHEW'S BODY YET?



PUT THE REMAINS IN A METAL CASKET. HE'LL BE REBURIED IN OUR FAMILY VAULT BACK IN THE U.S.A.

FLY BACK TO ITALY, MAJOR, ACROSS THE SEA! THE MOSLEM CURSE CANNOT FOLLOW YOU THERE!



LATE THAT NIGHT, A STRANGELY-SHAPED SHADOW DARKENS THE WALL IN MAJOR ALLEN'S ROOM

I'M HALF ASLEEP...BUT I CAN SMELL FRESH BLOOD...OOOHH--MY THROAT...OF COURSE, THAT'S WHERE I CUT MYSELF SHAVING THIS EVENING--I'M SO TIRED...OOOHHH--

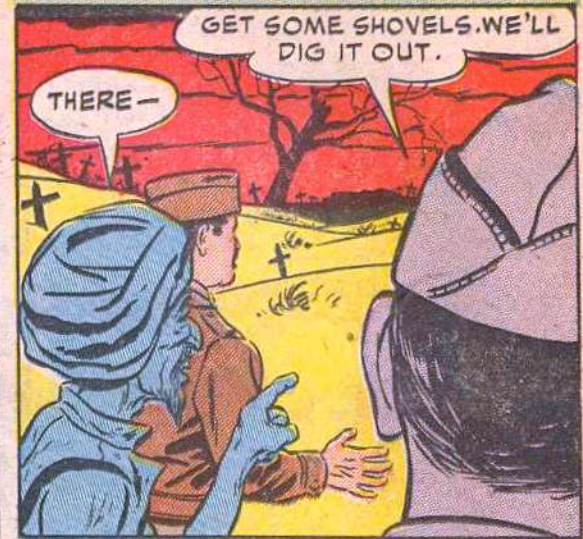


AND IN THE MORNING, MAJOR ALLEN'S DEAD BODY IS COLD AND PALE! HIS TWO FRIENDS FIND THE CORPSE...



DEAD FOR HOURS---
LOOK AT HIS THROAT!
AND THE TORN PAJAMA
COLLAR! WE'VE GOT TO DO
ONLY A LITTLE DIG UP THAT MOSLEM CHIEF!
VAMPIRE COULD DO IT.

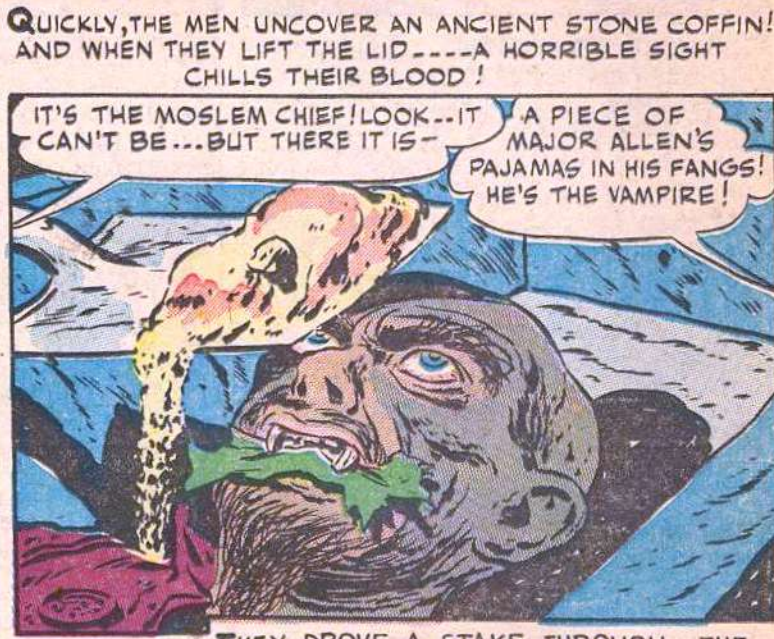
FRANTICALLY, THE TWO MEN HUNT OUT THE NATIVE GRAVE DIGGER. BRIBED, THE OLD MAN POINTED OUT THE ANCIENT GRAVE OF THE MOSLEM CHIEF...



GET SOME SHOVELS. WE'LL DIG IT OUT.
THERE--



BUT I STILL DON'T BELIEVE ANY OF IT, DO YOU?
I GUESS NOT... BUT STILL, MAYBE... SAY! MY SHOVEL HIT SOMETHING! BRING IT UP!



QUICKLY, THE MEN UNCOVER AN ANCIENT STONE COFFIN! AND WHEN THEY LIFT THE LID----A HORRIBLE SIGHT CHILLS THEIR BLOOD!
IT'S THE MOSLEM CHIEF! LOOK--IT CAN'T BE... BUT THERE IT IS--
A PIECE OF MAJOR ALLEN'S PAJAMAS IN HIS FANGS! HE'S THE VAMPIRE!



AND HERE'S A U.S. GOLD COIN DATED 1848. AND A NECKLACE, AND SOME OLD LACE....
THE MINING ENGINEER ALLEN? AND THAT GIRL IN 1900... SUSANNA ALLEN?

THEY DROVE A STAKE THROUGH THE MOSLEM CORPSE AND FILLED IN THE GRAVE. WHO WOULD HAVE BELIEVED THEIR STORY? DO YOU BELIEVE IT? OF COURSE YOU DO AND SO NOW THERE ARE AT LEAST FOUR IN THE WORLD WHO KNOW IT'S TRUE. THE TWO GRAVES COMMISSIONERS, THE OLD NATIVE GRAVE DIGGER----AND YOU.



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SWITCH-KNIFE**

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What a timepiece! Tells DATE and accurate TIME. Date changes every minute in tiny WINDOW. Sweep second hand. Satiny silver-color case. Unbreakable crystal. Unlimited Guarantee exclusive of parts. Mighty good looks. This is a terrific value! RUSH! Only 798



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Your own INITIAL in raised Gold Color Effect set in a RUBY color stone, flanked by 2 Sparkling Pseudo DIAMONDS imported from Europe. 14 Karat Rolled Gold Plate! — enjoy a lifetime. Mention letter desired. Only 297



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SEND STRIP OF PAPER TO SHOW RING SIZE

TERROR OF THE ANCIENT SKELETON

THE SMALL MIDWESTERN VILLAGE OF EAST SUDBURY IS AS QUIET AND PEACEFUL A PLACE AS MAY BE FOUND TODAY IN THIS FEAR HARRIED WORLD. AND YET, FROM THIS VERY HAVEN OF PEACE, HAS COME AS WEIRD AN EXAMPLE OF THE DANGERS OF PLAYING WITH THE UNSEEN FORCES THAT FILL ALL NATURE AS MIGHT BE FOUND ON ANY OF THE BLACK PAGES OF THE SECRET, ARCAN E LITERATURE CONCERNING THE SUPERNATURAL.....

BEWARE, FRAIL MAN, BEWARE!!
DON'T TOUCH THE BONES OF
ASTI-HOTEP. LET HOTEP BE.

WHA-WHAT? I'M SEEING
THINGS. THIS CAN ONLY
BE AN HALLUCINATION!



THE TOWN OF EAST SUDBURY WAS SHOCKED RECENTLY WHEN ITS MOST POPULAR DOCTOR WAS SUMMONED BEFORE THE STATE MEDICAL BOARD TO SHOW GOOD CAUSE WHY HIS LICENSE TO PRACTISE SHOULD NOT BE TAKEN AWAY FROM HIM.

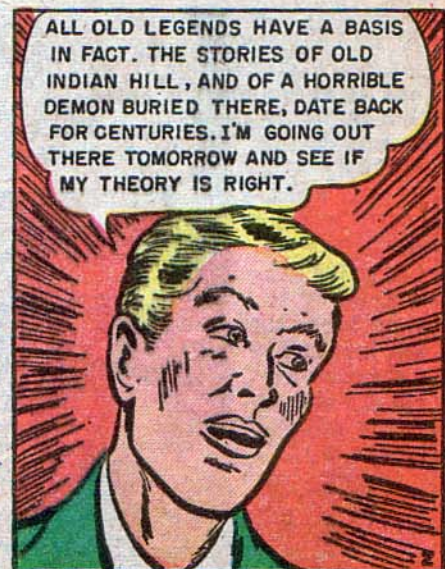
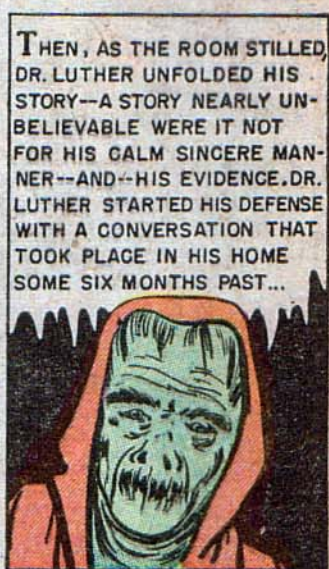
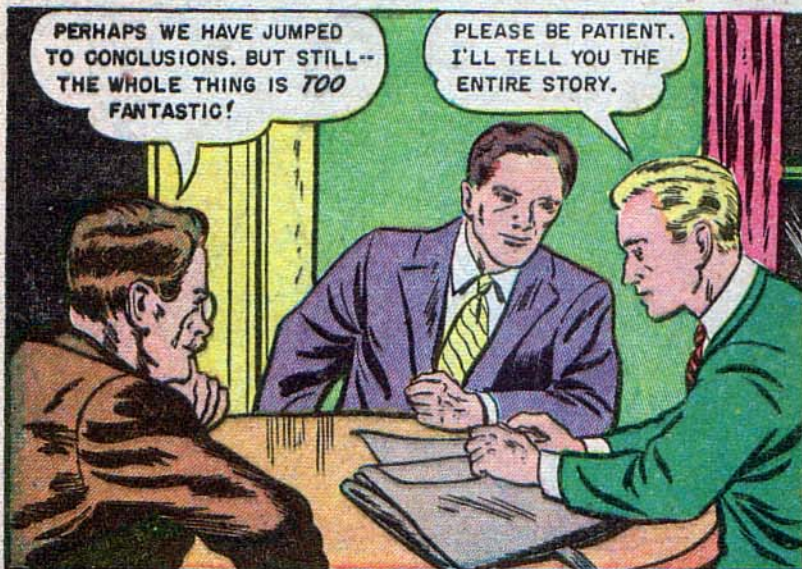
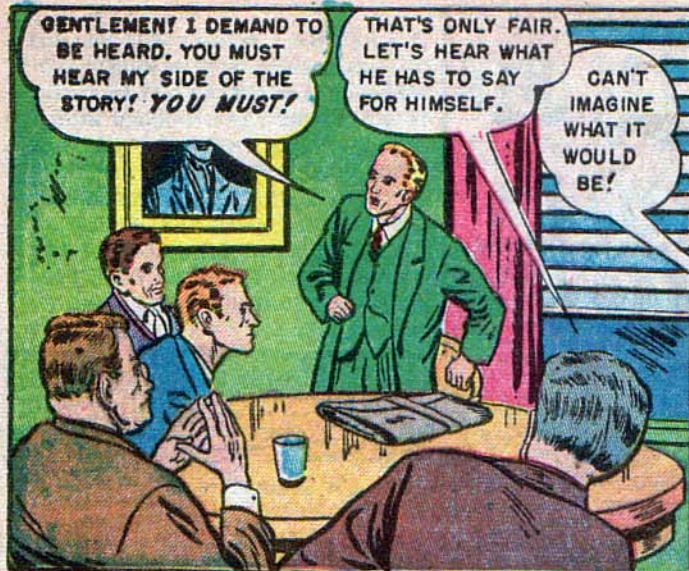


BUT GENTLEMEN, I
DON'T UNDERSTAND.
I'VE DONE NOTHING
IN ANY WAY TO
DISCREDIT THE
MEDICAL PROFESSION.

NO? HOW ABOUT
THAT ARTICLE
OF YOURS IN
THE UNIVERSITY
MEDICAL
JOURNAL,
DR. LUTHER?

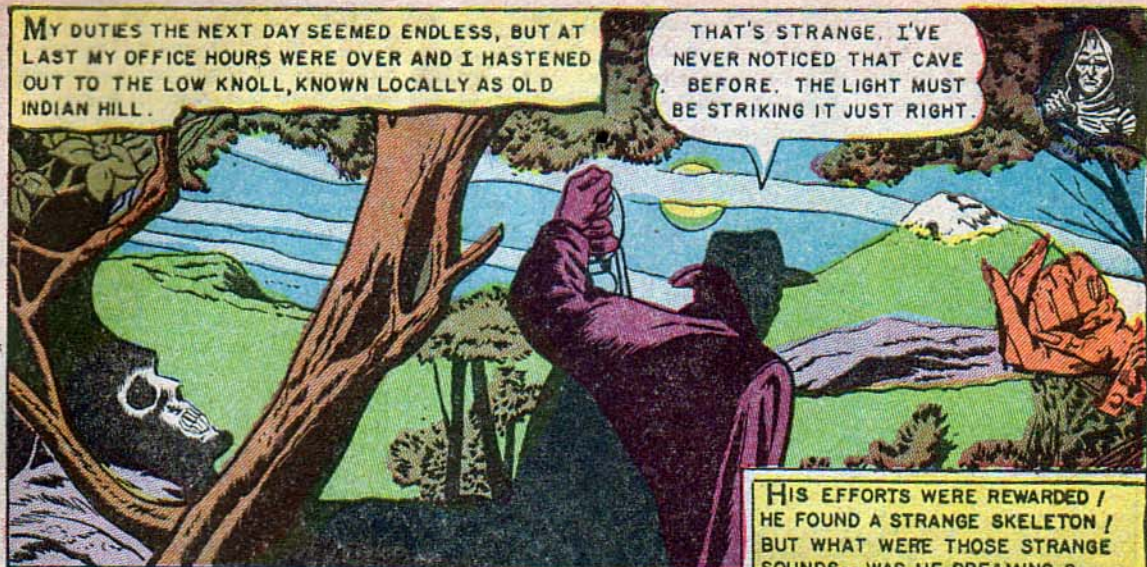
YOU! A DOCTOR, TO WRITE AS
TRUTH, GIBBERISH ABOUT A
DIFFERENT RACE OF DEAD
BEINGS WHO CONTROLLED THE
EARTH! BEINGS WHOSE BONES
ARE *BEWITCHED*! YOU ARE
A BLOT ON THE PROFESSION!





MY DUTIES THE NEXT DAY SEEMED ENDLESS, BUT AT LAST MY OFFICE HOURS WERE OVER AND I HASTENED OUT TO THE LOW KNOLL, KNOWN LOCALLY AS OLD INDIAN HILL.

THAT'S STRANGE. I'VE NEVER NOTICED THAT CAVE BEFORE. THE LIGHT MUST BE STRIKING IT JUST RIGHT.



HIS EFFORTS WERE REWARDED / HE FOUND A STRANGE SKELETON / BUT WHAT WERE THOSE STRANGE SOUNDS-- WAS HE DREAMING ?

I SCRAMBLED UP THE CLIFF AND INTO THE CAVE, WHERE I IMMEDIATELY NOTICED STRANGE SYMBOLS SCRATCHED AGES BEFORE UPON THE ROCK WALLS. NO SIGNS, EXCEPT THOSE SYMBOLS, OF IT EVER HAVING BEEN INHABITED. BUT I'LL BET MY NEW X-RAY UNIT THAT IF ANYTHING WAS BURIED ON THE HILL, IT WAS IN HERE...

AH, I'M RIGHT! THERE HAD TO BE SOMETHING BURIED HERE. THE OLD LEGENDS POINT THAT WAY AS DOES THE INDIANS' TABOO OF THIS HILL EVEN TO THIS DAY.

WE ARE NOT AS YOU...LET US BE, AND IN RETURN WE SHALL NOT HARM YOU! FLEE FROM ASTI-HOTEP.

ASTI-HOTEP? WHY...THAT'S THE NAME OF AN ENCHANTED SORCERESS OUT OF TIME LONG PAST, ACCORDING TO THE LOCAL INDIAN MYTHOLOGY.



UPSET AS I WAS BY WHAT I THOUGHT WAS A WIERD HALLUCINATION OF GHOSTS WARNING ME AWAY FROM THE SKELETON, I UNEARTHED IT AND RETURNED HOME IN GREAT GLEE.

MARTHA! THERE WAS SOMEONE BURIED THERE! MY THEORY WAS RIGHT.

I'M GLAD FOR YOU, WILLIAM. BUT IT'S LATE. HURRY, YOUR DINNER'S GETTING COLD.



THE FOLLOWING DAYS WERE MORE THAN PLEASANT. NIGHT AFTER NIGHT I WORKED AWAY AT MY RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SKELETON I HAD FOUND.

IMPOSSIBLE! NO HUMAN BEING EVER HAD A NECK BONE LIKE THIS! BUT IF IT WASN'T HUMAN... WHAT WAS IT ???



AT LAST I COMPLETED MY REARTICULATION OF MY FIND— STILL PUZZLED AS TO ITS TRUE ORIGIN. THEN, ONE NIGHT, WHILE STUDYING A BOOK ON THE PRE-HISTORIC SKELETAL REMAINS OF MAN, THE NEXT EVENT THAT LED UP TO MY ARTICLE TOOK PLACE...



... I UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE THE MANAGER OF THE KIT KAT KLUB AND CARL JUDSON FELL ON THE DANCE FLOOR AND CUT HIS HAND. HE'LL BE RIGHT OVER, BUT I'M TO SEND THIS BILL TO YOU. RIGHT?



THAT HAREM SCAREM CARL JUDSON AGAIN! IF THAT YOUNG MAN HAD A LOT LESS SPENDING MONEY AND A LITTLE MORE SENSE, HE'D BE BETTER OFF.

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES CARL JUDSON, EAST SUDBURY'S PLAYBOY, ARRIVED ACCOMPANIED BY FRIENDS WHO WERE ALL STILL IN THE GAY MOOD OF THE KIT KAT KLUB. I QUICKLY CLEANED AND BANDAGED THE YOUNG MAN'S SUPERFICIAL HURTS...

HEY, GANG! COME UP HERE AND SEE WHAT'S IN THE DOC'S OFFICE! A REAL SPOOK!

PLEASE, MR. JUDSON! DON'T TOUCH THE SKELETON!



AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE I SHOODED THE INEBRIATED WEALTHY PLAYBOY AND HIS GIGGLING FRIENDS OUT OF MY OFFICE ...

THANKS, DOC, FOR FIXING MY HAND. GUESS THE MANAGER OF THE KIT KAT KLUB WAS AFRAID I MIGHT SUE OR SOMETHING. SAY, HOW'S FOR ONE MORE LOOK AT THAT DEAD INDIAN?

IF YOU WISH, BUT I REALLY DON'T SEE WHY--- AFTER ALL IT'S JUST A SKELETON.



... LATER I LEARNED FROM YOUNG JUDSON THAT HE HAD MORE THAN TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF MY GOOD NATURE ...

THAT'S RIGHT, DOC. JUST A SKELETON. BUT I WANT A HUNK OF IT SO I CAN SCARE ALL THE GIRLS WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE KIT KAT KLUB. OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR A FLOCK OF LAUGHS.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CARL? YOU'RE TIGHT. YOU'LL GET YOURSELF IN TROUBLE.

AWH-- IT'S OKAY. THE DOC'S A GOOD OLD BOY. BESIDES HE'LL NEVER KNOW AND IF HE DOES FIND OUT AND GETS MAD, I'LL JUST SLIP HIM A BUCK OR TWO.



... WITHIN TWENTY FOUR HOURS OF HIS HEEDLESS SILLY PRANK, CARL JUDSON WAS BACK IN MY OFFICE. THIS TIME, HOWEVER, IT WAS NOT TO HAVE A FEW MINOR SCRATCHES ATTENDED TO...

I'M GLAD COME RIGHT INTO MY OFFICE.

OWWW! MY HAND-- MY FINGER HURTS SOMETHING AWFUL!

WE CAUGHT YOU IN, DOCTOR LUTHER. CARL IS IN TERRIBLE PAIN.



I'VE NEVER SEEN AN INFECTION QUITE LIKE THIS. I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO AMPUTATE THE FINGER IF WE ARE TO SAVE CARL'S HAND.

OH, NO! NOT THAT!

DOCTOR LUTHER, ARE YOU SURE? YOU MUST SAVE HIS HAND!



...AN HOUR LATER, MY GHASTLY TASK WAS COMPLETED. AS JUDSON AND HIS PARENTS WERE LEAVING, THE PLAYBOY SUDDENLY TURNED AND HANDED ME THE BONES HE HAD STOLEN...

HERE, DOCTOR. I TOOK THESE LAST NIGHT. JUST WANTED TO HAVE SOME FUN SCARING THE GIRLS AT THE CLUB. GUESS I MUST'VE BEEN DRUNK.

WHAT? YOU TOOK FINGER BONES FROM MY SKELETON?

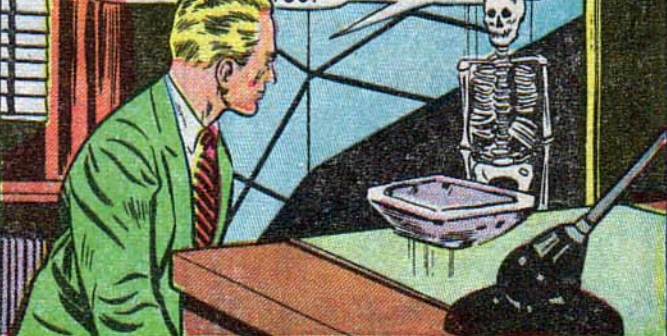


STRANGE... BUT THIS FINGER THAT JUDSON TOOK FROM THE SKELETON IS THE EXACT SAME ONE THAT HE JUST LOST. HUMMM? STRANGE, BUT NOT ONE HALF AS STRANGE AS THE SUDDEN INFECTION IN THAT PAMPERED, OVER-INDULGED BOY'S FINGER.



...WITHIN A FEW DAYS, HOWEVER, I HAD FORGOTTEN THE UNUSUAL COINCIDENCE. OF COURSE, I RETURNED THE FINGER BONES TO THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACE ON MY ANCIENT SKELETON.

NOW...YOU'RE WHOLE AGAIN. I'LL BE GLAD TO FIND OUT EXACTLY *WHAT* YOU WERE. YOU BOTHER ME...THERE'S NOTHING IN ANY OF MY BOOKS THAT EVEN HINTS AT ANYTHING LIKE YOU.



...JUST THEN MY FRONT DOOR BELL SOUNDED. SOMEHOW IT SEEMED AN OMINOUS SOUND IN MY HUGE OLD BARN OF A HOUSE.

NOT AT ALL.

HELLO, DOCTOR, HOPE I'M NOT INTRUDING.

COME IN SHERIFF. I HOPE THIS ISN'T A PROFESSIONAL CALL...FOR EITHER ONE OF US.

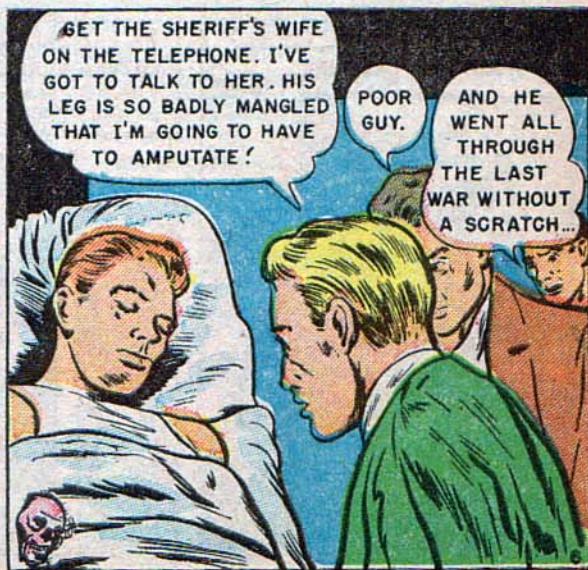
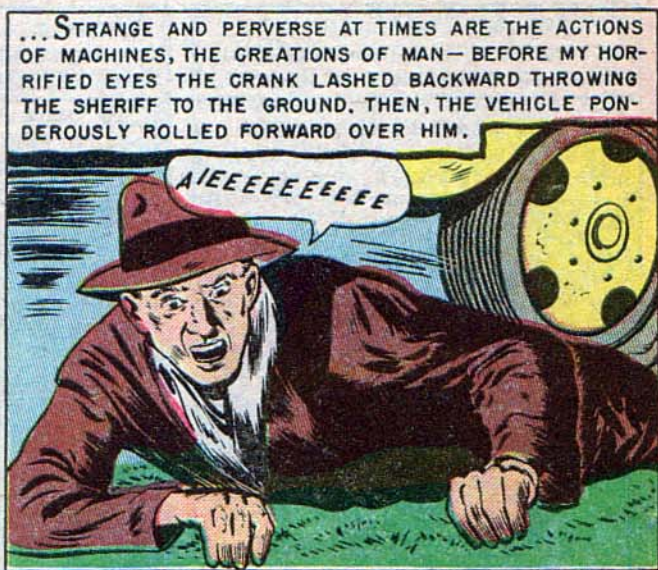
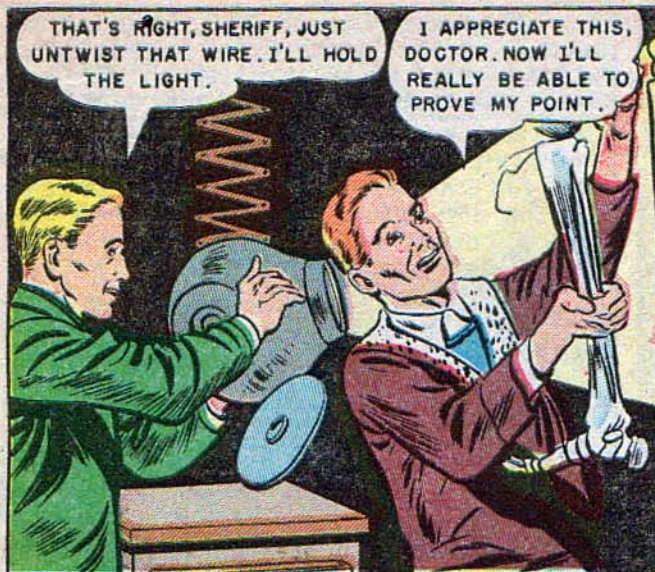


...THE SHERIFF'S VISIT SET IN MOTION THE NEXT STEP TOWARD THE ARTICLE THAT YOU GENTLEMEN SO VIOLENTLY OBJECT TO...

HEARD YOU DUG UP AN INDIAN SKELETON, DOC. I'VE GOT A FAVOR TO ASK. I'D LIKE TO BORROW IT'S LOWER RIGHT LEG BONES TO USE IN A DEMONSTRATION BEFORE THE CORONER'S JURY TOMORROW MORNING.

CERTAINLY. I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP OUT, BUT IT'S A BIT CRACKED.





...IT WAS WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT BEFORE I COMPLETED MY GRIZZLY TASK AND THE SHERIFF WAS RESTING COMFORTABLY.

STRANGE... THE SHERIFF'S SMASHED LEG WAS HIS LOWER RIGHT LEG AND HE BORROWED THE LOWER RIGHT LEG. FIRST JUDSON... NOW THE SHERIFF. I WONDER? THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS THAT EVEN TODAY'S ADVANCED SCIENCE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.



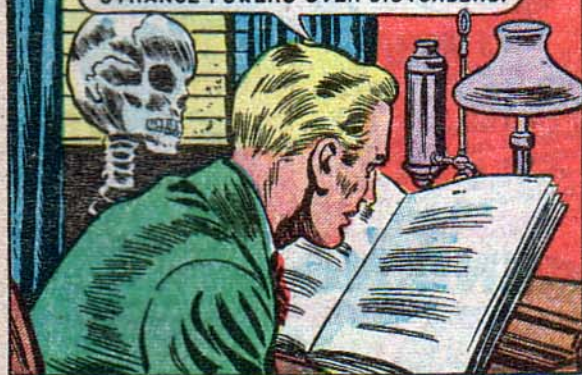
...EARLY THE NEXT MORNING I DROVE OVER TO NEARBY LOWLANDS UNIVERSITY WHICH HAS A WORLD FAMOUS OCCULT LIBRARY. I NEEDED KNOWLEDGE... KNOWLEDGE NOT CONTAINED IN MEDICAL BOOKS.

THAT'S RIGHT. I NEED BOOKS ON PSYCHIC RESIDUE OF THE DEAD, FOR INSTANCE... COULD AN INANIMATE OBJECT, SAY A BONE, POSSESS IN SOME SUPERNATURAL MANNER THE ABILITY TO TAKE VENGEANCE?



...LATE INTO THAT NIGHT I STUDIED THE RARE BOOKS I HAD BORROWED FROM THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF THE OCCULT. **UNBELIEVABLE!**

PARACELSUS WRITING IN 1513, STATES THAT THERE WAS A WORLD RULING RACE PRIOR TO MANKIND. AN EVIL RACE WHOSE RESIDUAL BONES HAD STRANGE POWERS OVER DISTURBERS.



THAT'S ABOUT ALL, GENTLEMEN. THE ACCIDENTS OF JUDSON AND THE SHERIFF TRANSCEND COINCIDENCE. THE SKELETON MUST HAVE CAUSED THEM. AND, AS FOR MY STATEMENT THAT THERE WAS AN OLDER RACE... **HERE IS MY PROOF!**



I HAVE HERE THE NECK BONES OF MY FIND. **THEY ARE NOT HUMAN! THEY ARE... AARRRGHHH!**



...THEN, BEFORE THE HORRIFIED GAZE OF THE MEDICAL BOARD, POOR DOCTOR LUTHER SCREAMED ONCE, CLUTCHED HIS THROAT, AND FELL LIFELESS TO THE FLOOR.

HIS NECK... IT'S **BROKEN!** BUT HOW? HOW?

FIRST JUDSON, THEN THE SHERIFF, NOW... **LUTHER HIMSELF!**

COULD HE HAVE BEEN **RIGHT?**



SO...THE DOCTOR FINALLY VINDICATED HIMSELF AND PROVED THE THEORIES CONTAINED IN HIS CONTROVERSIAL ARTICAL CORRECT...PROVED THEM WITH HIS NECK, HIS LIFE. AS FOR THE SKELETON...THE NEXT DAY THE MEMBERS OF THE BOARD ORDERED IT REBURIED IN A SEALED VAULT IN THE CAVE FROM WHENCE IT CAME.



The 97 Pound Weakling

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— Charles Atlas

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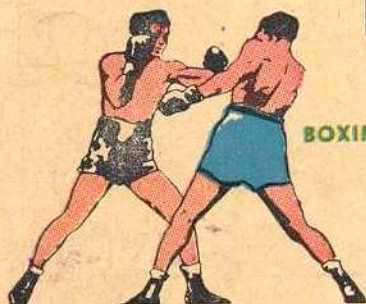
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